

That Capitalist fellow of the Rotating
Whitewash, named like Olivier, like a German
Jest - agent of The jewel whose hunter is gone -
is the unseen ^{father} ~~Philadelpia~~ parent of me, your
recent, successful adversary.

However, the yellowed loudmouth is like
"I have gun, just T. R. me", of with me. Although
no T. R. me, he is now separated from Memphis.
Although no cause, he has been ^{gunning the scales} ~~fracturing~~
with me in five hours, but there will be more.
If it is not some discord, then my area was David
total but song continues. Only the unprovoked
can decide if it is really.

His question is to join me with the man
who was to be my partner in the night, the
spike at Maggie's, prepared for some depart-
ment

Because of his paranoia about using the phone, when I was in Calif. in 2/68 and
had persuaded Loren Hall and Howard to go to N.O. voluntarily, I was afraid to tell
his office over the phone in the open. I did that after my return home, when he was
at what he regarded as a clear phone and I in a phone booth. This is a photocopy
of my initial message, to "oo, by phone, from Fred Newcomb's. It was written on the
back of Lillian Castellano's 11/19/65 memo to Salendrie on his writing. When I did
get Garrison it was the following Wednesday. Lil was laid up with a sprained ankle,
in a cast, and I had gone to the 7th St. Shop ^{Utr} here I stood in the zero cold
for more than an hour telling him of these interviews.